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True Relation
OF THE
APPARITION
OF ONE

Mrs. VEAL,

The next Day after Her DEATH:
TO ONE

Mrs. BARGRAVE

At Canterbury.

The 8th of September, 1705.



L O N D O N :
Printed for B. Bragg, at the Black Raven in Pater-
Noster-Row, 1706.

THE PREFACE.

THIS relation is Matter of Fact, and attended with such Circumstances as may induce any Reasonable Man to believe it. It was sent by a Gentleman, a Justice of Peace at Maidstone in Kent, and a very Intelligent Person, to his Friend in London, as it is here Worded; which Discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding Gentlewoman, a Kinswoman of the said Gentlemans, who lives in Canterbury, within a few Doors of the House in which the within named Mrs. Bargrave lives; who believes his Kinswoman to be of so discerning a Spirit, as not to be put upon by any Fallacy, and who positively assured him, that the whole Matter, as it is here Related and laid down, is what is really True; and what She her self had in the same Words (as near as may be) from Mrs. Bargraves own Mouth, who she knows had no Reason to Invent and publish such a Story, nor any design to forge and tell a Lye, being a Woman of much Honesty and Virtue, and her whole Life a Course as it were of Piety. The use which we ought to make of it is, to consider, That there is a Life to come after this, and a Just God, who will retribute to every one according to the Deeds done in the Body; and therefore, to reflect upon our Past course of Life we have led in the World; That our Time is Short and Uncertain, and that if we would escape the Punishment of the Ungodly, and receive the Reward of the Righteous, which is the laying hold of Eternal Life, we ought for the time to come, to turn to God by a speedy Repentance, ceasing to do Evil and Learning to do Well: To seek after God Early, if happily he may be found of us, and lead such Lives for the future, as may be well pleasing in his sight.

A
RELATION
OF THE
APPARITION
Of Mrs. VEAL.

THIS thing is so rare in all its Circumstances, and on so good Authority, that my Reading and Conversation has not given me any thing like it; it is fit to gratifie the most Ingenious and Serious Enquirer. Mrs. *Bargrave* is the Person to whom Mrs. *Veal* Appeared after her Death; she is my Intimate Friend, and I can avouch for her Reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen Years, on my own Knowledge; and I can confirm the Good Character she had from her Youth, to the time of my Acquaintance. Tho' since this Relation, she is Calumniated by some People, that are Friends to the Brother of Mrs. *Veal* who Appeared; who think the Relation of this Appearance to be a Reflection, and endeavour what they can to Blast Mrs. *Bargrave's* Reputation; and to Laugh the Story out of Countenance. But the Circumstances thereof, and the Chearful Disposition of Mrs. *Bargrave*, notwithstanding the unheard of ill Usage of a very Wicked Husband, there is not the least sign of Dejection in her Face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a Desponding or Murmuring Expression; nay, not when actually under her Husbands Barbarity; which I have been Witness to, and several other Persons of undoubted Reputation.

Now you must know, that Mrs. *Veal* was a Maiden Gentlewoman of about 30 Years of Age, and for some Years last past, had been troubled with Fits; which were perceived coming on her, by her going off from her Discourse very abruptly, to some impertinence: She was maintain'd by an only Brother, and kept his House in *Dover*. She was a very Pious Woman, and her Brother a very Sober Man to all appearance: But now he does all he can to Null or Quash the Story. Mrs. *Veal* was intimately acquainted with Mrs. *Bargrave* from her Childhood. Mrs. *Veal's* Circumstances were then Mean; her Father did not take care of his Children as he ought, so that they were expos'd to Hardships: And Mrs. *Bargrave* in those days, had as Unkind a Father, tho' She wanted for neither Food nor Cloathing, whilst Mrs. *Veal* wanted for both: So that it was in the Power of Mrs. *Bargrave* to be very much her Friend in several Instances, which mightily endear'd Mrs. *Veal*; insomuch that she would often say, Mrs. *Bargrave* you are not only the Best, but the only Friend I have in the World; and no Circumstances of Life, shall ever dissolve my Friendship. They would often Condole each others adverse Fortune, and read together, *Drelincourt upon Death*, and other good Books: And so like two Christian Friends, they comforted each other under their Sorrow.

Sometime after, Mr. *Veal's* Friends got him a Place in the Custom-House at *Dover*, which occasioned Mrs. *Veal* by little and little, to fall off from her Intimacy with Mrs. *Bargrave*, tho' there was never any such thing as a Quarrel; but an Indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. *Bargrave* had not seen her in two Years and a half; tho' above a Twelve Month of the time, Mrs. *Bargrave* had been absent from *Dover*, and this last half Year, has been in *Canterbury* about two Months of the time, dwelling in a House of her own.

In this House, on the Eighth of September last, viz. 1705. She was sitting alone in the Forenoon, thinking over her Unfortunate Life, and arguing her self into a due Resignation to Providence, tho' her condition seem'd hard. And said she, *I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still, and am well satisfied, that my Afflictions shall end, when it is most fit for me*: And then took up her Sewing-Work, which she had no sooner done, but she hears a Knocking at the Door; she went to see who it was there, and this prov'd to be Mrs. *Veal*, her Old Friend, who was in a Riding Habit: At that Moment of Time, the Clock struck Twelve at Noon.

Madam,

Madam says Mrs. *Bargrave*, I am surprized to see you, you have been so long a stranger, but told her, she was glad to see her and offer'd to Salute her, which Mrs. *Veal* complied with, till their Lips almost touched, and then Mrs. *Veal* drew her hand cross her own Eyes, and said, *I am not very well*, and so waved it. She told Mrs. *Bargrave*, she was going a Journey, and had a great mind to see her first: But says Mrs. *Bargrave*, *how came you to take a Journey alone? I am amaz'd at it, because I know you have so fond a Brother.* O! says Mrs. *Veal*, *I gave my Brother the Slip, and came away, because I had so great a Mind to see you before I took my Journey.* So Mrs. *Bargrave* went in with her, into another Room within the first, and Mrs. *Veal* sat her self down in an Elbow-chair, in which Mrs. *Bargrave* was sitting when she heard Mrs. *Veal* Knock. Then says Mrs. *Veal*, *My Dear Friend, I am come to renew our Old Friendship again, and to beg your Pardon for my breach of it, and if you can forgive me you are one of the best of Women.* O! says Mrs. *Bargrave*, *don't mention such a thing, I have not had an uneasy thought about it, I can easily forgive it.* What did you think of me says Mrs. *Veal*? Says Mrs. *Bargrave*, *I thought you were like the rest of the World, and that Prosperity had made you forget your self and me.* Then Mrs. *Veal* reminded Mrs. *Bargrave* of the many Friendly Offices she did her in former Days, and much of the Conversation they had with each other in the time of their Adversity; what Books they Read, and what Comfort in particular they received from *Drelincourt's Book of Death*, which was the best she said on that Subject, was ever Wrote. She also mentioned Dr. *Sherlock*, and two Dutch Books which were Translated, Wrote upon Death, and several others: But *Drelincourt* she said, had the clearest Notions of Death, and of the Future State, of any who have handled that Subject. Then she asked Mrs. *Bargrave*, whether she had *Drelincourt*; she said yes. Says Mrs. *Veal* fetch it, and so Mrs. *Bargrave* goes up Stairs, and brings it down. Says Mrs. *Veal*, Dear Mrs. *Bargrave*, *If the Eyes of our Faith were as open as the Eyes of our Body, we should see numbers of Angels about us for our Guard: The Notions we have of Heaven now, are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore be comforted under your Afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you; and that your Afflictions are Marks of Gods Favour: And when they have done the business they were sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me my Dear Friend, believe what I say to you, One Minute of future Happiness will infinitely reward you for*

all your Sufferings. For I can never believe, (and claps her Hand upon her Knee, with a great deal of Earnestness, which indeed ran through all her Discourse) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your Days in this Afflicted State: But be assured, that your Afflictions shall leave you, or you them in a short time. She spake in that Pathetical and Heavenly manner, that Mrs. Eargrave wept several times; she was so deeply affected with it. Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Hornecks *Ascetic*, at the end of which, he gives an account of the Lives of the Primitive Christians. Their Pattern she recommended to our Imitation; and said, their Conversation was not like this of our Age. For now (says she) there is nothing but frothy vain Discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to Edification, and to Build one another up in the Faith: So that they were not as we are, nor are we as they are; but said she, We might do as they did. There was a Hearty Friendship among them, but where is it now to be found? Says Mrs. Bargrave, 'tis hard indeed to find a true Friend in these days. Says Mrs. Veal, Mr. Norris has a Fine Coppy of Verses, call'd Friendship in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire, have you seen the Book says Mrs. Veal? No, says Mrs. Bargrave, but I have the Verses of my own writing out. Have you, says Mrs. Veal, then fetch them; which she did from above Stairs, and offer'd them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and wav'd the thing, saying, holding down her Head would make it ake, and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring Friendship, Mrs. Veal said, Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever: In the Verses, there is twice used the Word *Elysium*. Ah! says Mrs. Veal, These Poets have such Names for Heaven. She would often draw her Hand cross her own Eyes; and say, Mrs. Bargrave Don't you think I am mightily impaired by my Fits? No, says Mrs. Eargrave, I think you look as well as ever I knew you.

After all this discourse, which the Apparition put in Words much finer than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and was much more than she can remember (for it cannot be thought, that an hour and three quarters Conversation could all be retained, tho' the main of it, she thinks she does.) She said to Mrs. Bargrave, she would have her write a Letter to her Brother, and tell him, she would have him give Rings to such and such; and that there was a Purse of Gold in her Cabinet, and that she would have Two Broad Pieces given to her Cousin Watson. Talking at this Rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a Fit was coming upon her, and so placed her

her self in a Chair, just before her Knees, to keep her from falling to the Ground, if her Fits should occasion it; for the Elbow Chair she thought would keep her from falling on either side. And to divert Mrs. *Veal* as she thought, she took hold of her Gown Sleeve several times, and commended it. Mrs. *Veal* told her, it was a Scower'd Silk, and newly made up. But for all this Mrs. *Veal* persisted in her Request, and told Mrs. *Bargrave* she must not deny her: and she would have her tell her Brother all their Conversation, when she had an opportunity. Dear Mrs. *Veal*, says Mrs. *Bargrave*, *this seems so impertinent, that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying Story will our Conversation be to a Young Gentleman?* Well, says Mrs. *Veal*, *I must not be deny'd.* Why, says Mrs. *Bargrave*, *'tis much better methinks to do it your self,* No, says Mrs. *Veal*; *tho' it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter.* Mrs. *Bargrave* then to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a Pen and Ink; but Mrs. *Veal* said, *let it alone now, and do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it:* which was one of the last things she enjoyn'd her at parting; and so she promised her.

Then Mrs. *Veal* asked for Mrs. *Bargraves* Daughter; she said she was not at home; but if you have a mind to see her says Mrs. *Bargrave*, I'll send for her. Do, says Mrs. *Veal*. On which she left her, and went to a Neighbours, to send for her; and by the Time Mrs. *Bargrave* was returning, Mrs. *Veal* was got without the Door in the Street, in the face of the *Beast-Market* on a Saturday (which is Market day) and stood ready to part, as soon as Mrs. *Bargrave* came to her. She askt her, *why she was in such hast?* she said, *she must be going; tho' perhaps she might not go her journey till Monday.* And told Mrs. *Bargrave* she hoped she should see her again, at her Cousin *Watsons* before she went whether she was a going. Then she said, *she would not take her Leave of her,* and walk'd from Mrs. *Bargrave* in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after One in the Afternoon.

Mrs. *Veal* Dyed the 7th of *September* at 12 a Clock at Noon, of her Fits, and had not above four hours Senses before her Death, in which time she received the Sacrament. The next day after Mrs. *Veals* appearing being Sunday, Mrs. *Bargrave* was mightily indisposed with a Cold, and a Sore Throat, that she could not

go out that day: but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain *Watsons* to know if Mrs. *Veal* were there. They wondered at Mrs. *Bargraves* enquiry, and sent her Word, that she was not there, nor was expected. At this Answer Mrs. *Bargrave* told the Maid she had certainly mistook the Name, or made some blunder. And tho' she was ill, she put on her Hood, and went her self to Captain *Watsons*, tho' she knew none of the Family, to see if Mrs. *Veal* was there or not. They said, they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in Town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. *Bargrave*, *I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours.* They said it was impossible, for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain *Watson*, while they were in Dispute, and said that Mrs. *Veal* was certainly Dead, and her Escocheons were making. This strangely surpris'd Mrs. *Bargrave*, who went to the Person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole Story to Captain *Watsons* Family, and what Gown she had on, and how striped. And that Mrs. *Veal* told her it was Scowred. Then Mrs. *Watson* cry'd out, *you have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and my self, that the Gown was Scowr'd;* and Mrs. *Watson* own'd that she described the Gown exactly; for, said she, *I helpt her to make it up.* This, Mrs. *Watson* blaz'd all about the Town, and avouch'd the Demonstration of the Truth of Mrs. *Bargraves* seeing Mrs. *Veal's* Apparition. And Captain *Watson* carried two Gentlemen immediately to Mrs. *Bargraves* House, to hear the Relation from her own Mouth. And then it spread so fast, that Gentlemen and Persons of Quality, the Judicious and Sceptical part of the World, flock't in upon her, which at last became such a Task, that she was forc'd to go out of the way. For they were in general, extreemly satisfy'd of the truth of the thing; and plainly saw, that Mrs. *Bargrave* was no Hypochondriack, for she always appears with such a chearful Air, and pleasing Mien, that she has gain'd the favor and esteem of all the Gentry. And its thought a great favor if they can but get the Relation from her own Mouth. I should have told you before, that Mrs. *Veal* told Mrs. *Bargrave*, that her Sister and Brother in Law, were just come down from *London* to see her. Says Mrs. *Bargrave*, *how came you to order matters so strangely? it could not be helpt* said Mrs. *Veal*; and her Sister and Brother did come to see her, and enter'd

entred the Town of *Dover*, just as *Mrs. Veal* was expiring. *Mrs. Bargrave* asked her, whether she would not drink some Tea. Says *Mrs. Veal*, *I do not care if I do: But Ple Warrant this Mad Fellow* (meaning *Mrs. Bargraves* Husband,) *has broke all your Trinckets*. But, says *Mrs. Bargrave*, *I'll get something to Drink in for all that*; but *Mrs. Veal* wav'd it, and said, *it is no matter, let it alone*, and so it passed.

All the time I sat with *Mrs. Bargrave*, which was some Hours, she recollected fresh sayings of *Mrs. Veal*. And one material thing more she told *Mrs. Bargrave*, that Old *Mr. Breton* allowed *Mrs. Veal* Ten pounds a Year, which was a secret, and unknown to *Mrs. Bargrave*, till *Mrs. Veal* told it her. *Mrs. Bargrave* never varies in her Story, which puzzles those who doubt of the Truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A Servant in a Neighbours Yard adjoining to *Mrs. Bargraves* House, heard her talking to some body, an hour of the Time *Mrs. Veal* was with her. *Mrs. Bargrave* went out to her next Neighbours the very Moment she parted with *Mrs. Veal*, and told what Ravishing Conversation she had with an Old Friend, and told the whole of it. *Drelincourt's Book of Death* is, since this happened, Bought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that notwithstanding all this Trouble and Fatigue *Mrs. Bargrave* has undergone upon this Account, she never took the value of a Farthing, nor suffer'd her Daughter to take any thing of any Body, and therefore can have no Interest in telling the Story.

But *Mr. Veal* does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see *Mrs. Bargrave*; but yet it is certain matter fact, that he has been at *Captain Watsons* since the Death of his Sister, and yet never went near *Mrs. Bargrave*; and some of his Friends report her to be a great Lyar, and that she knew of *Mr. Breton's* Ten Pounds a Year. But the Person who pretends to say so, has the Reputation of a Notorious Lyar, among persons which I know to be of undoubted Repute. Now *Mr. Veal* is more a Gentleman, than to say she Lyes; but says, a bad Husband has Craz'd her. But she needs only to present her self, and it will effectually confute that Pretence. *Mr. Veal* says he ask'd his Sister on her Death Bed, whether she had a mind to dispose of any thing, and she said, No. Now what the things which *Mrs. Veals* Apparition would have disposed of, were so Trifling, and nothing of Justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make *Mrs.*

Bargrave

Bargrave, so to demonstrate the Truth of her Appearance, as to satisfy the World of the Reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard: and to secure her Reputation among the Reasonable and understanding part of Mankind. And then again, *Mr. Veal* owns that there was a Purse of Gold; but it was not found in her Cabinet, but in a Comb-Box. This looks improbable, for that *Mrs. Watson* own'd that *Mrs. Veal* was so very careful of the Key of her Cabinet, that she would trust no Body with it. And if so, no doubt she would not trust her Gold out of it. And *Mrs. Veals* often drawing her hand over her Eyes, and asking *Mrs. Bargrave*, whether her Fits had not impair'd her; looks to me, as if she did it on purpose to remind *Mrs. Bargrave* of her Fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon Writing to her Brother to dispose of Rings and Gold, which lookt so much like a dying Persons Bequest; and it took accordingly with *Mrs. Bargrave*, as the effect of her Fits coming upon her; and was one of the many Instances of her Wonderful Love to her, and Care of her, that she should not be affrighted: which indeed appears in her whole management; particularly in her coming to her in the day time, waving the Salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to Salute her.

Now, why *Mr. Veal* should think this Relation a Reflection, (as 'tis plain he does by his endeavouring to stifle it) I can't imagine, because the Generality believe her to be a good Spirit, her Discourse was so Heavenly. Her two great Errands were to comfort *Mrs. Bargrave* in her Affliction, and to ask her Forgiveness for her Breach of Friendship, and with a Pious Discourse to encourage her. So that after all, to suppose that *Mrs. Bargrave* could Hatch such an Invention as this from *Friday-Noon*, till *Saturday-Noon*, (supposing that she knew of *Mrs. Veals* Death the very first Moment) without jumbling Circumstances, and without any Interest too; she must be more Witty, Fortunate, and Wicked too, than any indifferent Person I dare say, will allow. I asked *Mrs. Bargrave* several times, *If she was sure she felt the Gown*. She answered Modestly, *if my Senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it*. I asked her, *If she heard a Sound, when she clapt her Hand upon her Knee*: She said, *she did not remember she did*: And she said, *she Appeared to be as much a Substance as I did, who talked with her*. And I may say she, *be as soon persuaded that your Apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her*; for I was under no manner

manner of Fear, I received her as a Friend, and parted with her as such. I would not, says she, give one Farthing to make any one believe it, I have no Interest in it; nothing but trouble is entail'd upon me for a long time for ought that I know; and had it not come to Light by Accident, it would never have been made Publick. But now she says, she will make her own Private Use of it, and keep her self out of the way as much as she can. And so she has done since. She says, she had a Gentleman who came thirty Miles to her to hear the Relation; and that she had told it to a Room full of People at a time. Several particular Gentlemen have had the Story from Mrs. Bargraves own Mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied, as I am of the best grounded Matter of Fact. And why should we dispute Matter of Fact, because we cannot solve things, of which we can have no certain or demonstrative Notions, seems strange to me: Mrs. Bargraves's Authority and Sincerity alone, would have been undoubted in any other Case.

F I N I S.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

DRelincourts's Book of the Consolations against the Fears of Death, *has been four times Printed already in English, of which many Thousands have been Sold, and not without great Applause: And its bearing so great a Character in this Relation, the Impression is near Sold off.*

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